

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 20 No. 25

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, January 9, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Lam Cards.

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

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Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas county and in the Su-
preme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VAN SICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Practices in Greenbrier and ad-
joining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public

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Will practice in all the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. C. MCNEIL,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney,
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Practice in Pocahontas and adjoin-
ing counties. Prompt and careful
attention given to all legal work.

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HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON. FRED WALLACE
PRESTON & WALLACE,
Attorneys-at-Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of
Greenbrier and adjoining counties,
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to col-
lections.

T. S. MCNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-
peals.

W. A. BRATTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

Physicians' Cards.

J. M. CLANINGHAM, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M.D.
Physician and surgeon,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered.
Follow over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in the
paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST.

Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.

Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County solic-
ited.

ON TO GRAFTON

An Account of one of the First Oc-
currences of the Civil War

They mustered in their simple
dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern re-
dress;
To right those wrongs come weak
or woe,
To perish, or overcome the foe.

On the morning following May
2nd, 1861, I arose quite early and
very much refreshed. Having
breakfasted, I joined Mr Harris
and his party, as they soon drove
by, and took up my line of march
for Cheat Mountain, not without
some misgivings of possible
trouble however.

We were so fortunate as to
cross the mountain without any
hindrance whatever and had there
been no such thing as war, the
shady recesses of that renowned
mountain could not have been
free from the least suspicion of
ruin alarms and fratricidal strife,
as it was that day.

Early in the afternoon, the val-
ley beyond was entered, and the
party in the carriage drove on
more rapidly than I cared to ride.
As I was riding along rather leis-
urely I was accosted by a mount-
ainer calling to me from his cab-
in door some distance away. I
stopped and waited developments.

He gave me to understand that
he thought from my military fix-
ings that I might have something
to do with the army that had
come along a day or two before.
He inquired if there were more
soldiers coming on to kill all the
mean fellows in the country?" I
told him that I knew of none com-
ing on and it was my hope that
no more would be needed at present.
He appeared to think I was
mistaken. Just as I left him a
third person appeared rather sud-
denly and as I looked back I saw
they were conversing in a rather
earnest manner. He soon came
up at a fast trot and overtook me,
and in a conversation with him he
spoke of what I had said to that
other man about the probabilities
of war and that I expressed the
opinion that no very active opera-
tions would be carried on until
July 4th. In the further course of
our conversation he remarked
that he had taken me for a bearer
of dispatches or holding some oth-
er high office. He was given to
understand that in a certain sense
this was true: I was a bearer of
dispatches, not from an earthly
leader, but a heavenly. This in-
cident suggested this text as a
suitable one for young soldiers:
"Fight the good fight of faith and
lay hold of eternal life." 1 Tim.,
6, 12.

Early in the afternoon I reached
Huttonsville in Randolph Co., and
there I found the people much
excited and worried, and wearied
to the verge of exhaustion by at-
tention to the soldiers a day or
two before. Some persons seem-
ed very desponding of the final
success of our army because of
the overwhelming numbers threat-
ened us by the North, especially
the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania.
I tried to cheer them up by say-
ing to them that the cause of
Virginia is a just one, such as the
God of Hosts would approve. We
might be slain in battle but never
conquered. After the State had
used all honorable means to com-
promise the difficulties and even
in the act of devising the means
of adjustment there comes an un-
constitutional repulsion uponth
commonwealth for three regi-
ments of soldiers to shed the
blood of those whose interests are
identified with ours. The ques-
tion then was whether we should
sustain this usurpation of power
and draw the sword against our
friends, or whether it should be
resisted and stand on the defen-
sive. If let alone no blood would
be shed, but if assailed then battle
for all that is near and dear to the
noble heart."

Moreover in my table and fire-
side conversations I tried to im-
press the minds of all that the
question now is whether Virginians
shall have the privilege of
self government and regulate our
taxes according as our interests
and social institutions require, or
whether we are to have our laws
made for us, and enforced by rul-
ers, whose popularity at home is
in direct proportion to their ha-
bited of us and abuse of our so-
cial and political institutions.

After spending the evening cal-
ling upon different persons and
families I sought lodging at the
home of Squire John Hutton, Aunt
Dolley looked up the family
Bible and lit a fresh tallow
candle and arranged for evening
worship at a late hour. I retired
very weary on the verge of nervous
prostration but very thankful-
that Cheat Mountain had been
crossed in safety, and the state of
public feeling in this part of the
valley in a much more friendly
mood than I had anticipated.

Thursday morning I set out on
my way to Grafton. It was May
23, 1861. Hon. John Hutton, a
most estimable gentleman, but of
the decided opinion that a mistake
had been made in sending troops
to West Virginia, advised me to
leave my military accoutrements
with him for I would be much safer
without them, and this I did,

such was my confidence in his
judgement. Upon leaving I asked
Aunt Dolly Hutton, a very pi-
ous lady, in fullest sympathy with
the Confederate soldiers so will-
ingly going where her husband
was sure they would be sacrificed
to no good purpose, to tell all the
good people to remember us in
their prayers, which she tearfully
promised to do. After riding a few
miles down the beautiful valley,
the emerald gem of all West Vir-
ginia, I came to Mr Henry Har-
per's not far from Beverly, where
I found the young preacher, and
his party, with whom I had travel-
led the previous day. He was in
much anxiety of mind, arising
from a letter just received from
Rev. F. L. Preston by Mr Har-
per. We took a walk and had a
long interview. It appeared that
at the last meeting of Lexington
Presbytery Mr Preston was pre-
vailed on by his friends to apply
for the chaplaincy of the cadet
corps which had been called into
the service of Virginia. Mr Preston
requested Mr Harris to visit the
churches in Tygart Valley, which
he had been supplying and
while thus engaged had his home
at Mr Harper's, and if it was
agreeable to supply them during
his absence to Harpers Ferry. Mr Harris consented to do so and
the arrangement seemed so ac-
ceptable to all that he went at
once to Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge
County, packed up his effects with
a view to moving his family, and
was now here prepared to assume
his ministerial duties in the new
field. Upon his coming here yes-
terday however he was shown a
letter from Mr Preston to Mr Har-
per stating that he had not re-
ceived the appointment as chap-
lain and that he was at ease "lying
upon his elbow, and would be to
see them in a few days."

Mr Harris asked my advice,
which I gave to this effect: That
he should recall all his appoint-
ments for preaching for the pres-
ent. Leave at once for some other
field temporarily until these
people should have another op-
portunity to secure Mr Preston's services.
Should they fail in doing
so, as I feel sure they would,
then he would be relieved from
the imputation that he was to
blame for Mr Preston's not sett-
ting among them. I took pains
to assure him that I regarded this
state of things as altogether un-
intentional on the part of anyone.
The Lord will provide for the safe-
ty and well being of his true and
faithful servants, and show each
one where and when he must la-
bor in His blessed service. I
professed to know Preston as well
as it was possible for one person
to know another. We had been
class mates three years, and I had
found him a better character than
I had ever dreamed it possible
for a young man to be.

Having thus tried to arrange
matters for the perplexed brother
Harris, I resumed my journey af-
ter dinner and soon reached Bev-
erly. A large number of persons
were in town, the main street so
crowded that it was difficult to get
through, so I flanked and went
down a back street. The ordi-
nance of Secession was being vot-
ed on, and yet all seemed seriously
quiet and orderly among the
people. I called upon the pastor,
Rev. Enoch Thomas, but found
him absent. I spent a pleasant
hour with his family, much of our
conversation was of a religious
tone. Mrs Thomas in her quiet,
earnest way, a lady whose char-
acter had been chastened and pur-
ified by adversity said that the 46th Psalm possessed at this
time peculiar sweetness for her:
"The Lord will provide for the safe-
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class mates three years, and I had
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I had ever dreamed it possible
for a young man to be.

Upon resuming my journey I
found upon inquiry that it
would be better not to go more
than six or seven miles farther
that afternoon and there spend
the night, and so I rode along
very leisurely. Just on the out-
skirts of Beverly I met armed
men who had probably accompa-
nied the Highland, Pendleton and
Randolph troops a short distance
on their march. It was deeply im-
pressive to reflect on what change
a few weeks had brought about in
these sedated and peaceful moun-
tain retreats. Very soon after
meeting the armed citizens I saw
a solitary person approaching at
a brisk, head long trot. He was
mounted on a very ordinary looking
horse. The saddle and saddle-
bags were old and much worn,
his shoes were of home tanned
leather, coarse and heavy, very
needy of the attention of a cob-
bler, while his clothing was of
plain homespun jeans. His loosely
fitting coat was threadbare and
cut at the elbows, and his crumpled
slouch hat nearly concealed his
shaggy eye brows beneath which
blazed a pair of piercing and
inquisitive eyes, such as are
seldom seen in a life time and nev-
er to be forgotten. He rather
abruptly stopped me in the road
by a stentorian inquiry whether I
was from Beverly.

At Laurel Hill, W. Va., Ballard
Sowards and Walter Sowards,
cousins and neighbors, had an al-
tercation over domestic affairs
which resulted in Walter being
shot twice by Ballard and it is
thought that he will die.

The citizens of Lewisburg have
raised a fund of \$16,000 to the
Lewisburg Institute of which
Capt. A. F. Mathews contributed
\$5,000.

"How is the vote?"
"I think Secession has the ma-
jority."

"Do you say the Secession can-
didate is ahead? I have the hon-
or to be that candidate."

And this was really so: the suc-
cessful candidate for the Virgin-
ia house of delegates was before
me, elected by the counties of
Randolph and Tucker. What a
comment upon the democratic
tendencies of our political institu-
tions when candidates to be popular
should dress like the Biblical
Gibeonites and behave accordingly.
One of the blessings of this civil
war, we may hope, will be sweep-
ing the depraved and vicious from
the political arena, or teach them
to prize their political privileges
by choosing the best, not the
worst looking of men for their rul-
ers.

Within a mile or so of the pro-
posed place for passing the night
I overtook a citizen who profess-
ed to have heard authentic partic-
ulars of the state of things at
Grafton. He said that he had talk-
ed the day before with a waggoner
just from Grafton, or very near
there, and he reports five hundred
Union soldiers in the place. "A
number of cannon are planted at
the Fetterman bridge, and before
the troops, just gone, can enter
Washington to the northern press
was, "All quiet along the Potomac."

All this made me feel very
gloomy and caused me to spend
a very uncomfortable evening
from that on, a mile or so. Just
as the sun was setting I forded
the river at the once famous "Red
Barn" with its eight corners and
smoke house roof. Mrs Crawford,
her lovely daughters and
pleasant boys made my stay with
them more pleasant. The news they
had was of a far more cheerful
tone than what I had just heard.
They were talking of the Yankees
coming to Washington to the north
and the Yankees were coming. In
life's morning march when my bo-
som was young." I was suddenly
aroused by the crash of footsteps
breaking the crust of the hard
snow. The sound appeared to
proceed from something ap-
proaching me with the measured
pace of a file of soldiers. It was
seen from my view by some houses
near the road side. I was
sure it was an enemy creeping up
to get a shot at me, for I thought
that even the old horse would not
have ventured out on such a night
unless under orders. My heart
began to sink with me to mount
as they would be the enemy. The
night was dark, and it had come
my turn to sleep. I was lying on
the ground with the soft side of a
stone for my pillow, when I was
suddenly awakened by my com-
panion who called to me to mount
as they would be the enemy. The
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